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v. 34



GIVEN BY

HOWEN PEARSON



Miss Julia A. Wells

A B C OF SONGS

1. THE WAY THRO' THE WOOD.....	(Bb) DOLBY.....	40
2. THE BETTER LAND.....	(A) COWEN.....	40
3. THE POOR SAVOYARD.....	(Bb) DOLBY.....	50
4. THE OLD OLD STORY.....	(C) BLUMENTHAL.....	60
5. FOREVER FAITHFUL.....	(Eb) DOLBY.....	40
6. OLD VILLAGE BELLS.....	(C) DIEHL.....	40
7. OH HUSH THEE MY BABIE.....	(F) HENSCHEL.....	30
8. THE HARBOR BAR.....	(C) DOLBY.....	40
9. IVE SOMETHING SWEET TO TELL YOU.....	(F) FANING.....	40
10. THE OLD LOVE IS THE NEW.....	(C) COWEN.....	50
11. MY LOVER STANDS UPON THE QUAY.....	(Bb) DOLBY.....	40
12. DARBY AND JOAN.....	(F) MOLLOY.....	35
13. THE CLANG OF THE WOODEN SHOON.....	(Eb) MOLLOY.....	40
14. REGRET.....	(Db) COWEN.....	40
15. LIFE.....	(Ab) BLUMENTHAL.....	40

BOSTON
White, Smith & Company,

516 WASHINGTON STREET.



"THE HARBOR BAR."

-SONG-

Words by Edward Oxenford.

Music by Madame Sainton Dolby.

Moderato.

p *cresc.*

p

The bright sun of noon-day il - lu - mines the sky, And jew - els its som - no - lent

p

rall.

breast; For e - ven the waters that cov - er the bar, Have sobb'd themselves in to a

p *rall.*

tempo.

rest Now forth from the har - bor, e - rect in her pride, Sails a ship o'er the glit - ter - ing

tempo.

deep..... And many a lassie, and many a bride, Stand watching and ready to weep.....

rit.

Andante tranquillo.

Rea - dy to weep, Rea - dy to weep, For part - ing is pit - i - ful

p *cresc.*

pain..... No one can say, when o - ver the spray, Their

f *dim.*

loves will sail home - ward a - gain;..... Home - ward a -

p *rall.* *p*

- gain.....

tempo. *pp* *cresc.*

Piu animato agitato.

R.H. *L.H.* *sf* *dim.* *p*

The roar of the storm blast is heard on the main, And

f *sf*

minute guns sound from a far And many a bosom is breaking in pain; A

p piu lento. *sf* *colla voce*

ves - sel is wreck'd on the bar Ah! home to the har - bor e -

a piacere. *p* *rf*

rect in her pride, Sail'd a ship o'er the treach - er - ous deep, And ma - ny a las - sie, and

sf

ma - ny a bride, Have noth ing now left but to weep

pp Andante tranquillo.

On - ly to weep, On - ly to weep, For part - ing is pit - i - ful

pain On - ly to weep, On - ly to weep, For

those who will ne'er come a - gain For those who will ne'er come a -

gain.

tempo.

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